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THOSE who are Enemies to the Plays of the old *English* Writers, or want a Reliſh for them, which is much the ſame, are not only far from being true Criticks, but deprive themſelves of much Pleaſure: Rough and irregular as moſt of them are, they are nevertheleſs fruitful of Senſe, Incidents and Character.——There is ſcarce one which has not ſomething great or beautiful, moral or entertaining in its Tale or Humour, and, however ſharp-ſighted we Moderns have been in finding out of their Faults, very few of us have been able to equal their Beauties. To this Day *Shakeſpear* ſtands without a Rival, and, even thoſe who have preſum'd to retouch his venerable Remains have been very far from mending them, from the great *Dryden*, down to *Cibber*. Hardly any other Writer ſeems worthy to be compar'd to him in the remoteſt Degree, and his admirable Contemporary *Johnſon* is generally over-look'd, for the Sake of paying our Compliments to him.——*Shakeſpear* was, in Truth, both firſt in Genius, and the eldeſt Reformer of the Age: He likewiſe had the Glory of diſtinguiſhing *Johnſon* firſt to the Publick, and paving the Way to his Succeſs: Yet was the laſt very little inferior to him in natural Parts, and abundantly beyond him in the Art of Criticiſm and Knowledge of the Stage.——The firſt was a perfect Maſter in ſingle Scenes, or Characters, but does not appear either ſo able, or ſo induſtrious to finiſh and compleat one juſt and regular Whole. Whereas, in the three celebrated Plays of the laſt, we ſee all the Humour of our own Country elegantly caſt and poliſh'd in the Molds of *Rome* and *Greece*. The Writers are preſerv'd, the Scenes for the general kept unbroken, and the Plots wound up and unravell'd with all the Art and Addreſs imaginable.

For Proof, let us examine the *Alchemiſt* on the ſeveral Rules, and we ſhall find the Poet himſelf had figuratively the grand Secret in his own Poſſeſſion, and turn'd every Thing he touch'd into Gold.——Nothing can be more happy than the Subject, or at that Time more ſeaſonable, neither could he have choſen more proper Characters to exemplify the Humour.——Such a Leaſh of Raſcals of *Subtle*, *Dol* and *Face*, were the only proper Wretches to act the Snare, and Sir *Epicure Mammon*, &c. to fall into it: Avarice and Credulity are the Weakneſſes expos'd in it, and if ſome Veins of it might have been ſpar'd, the reſt can hardly meet with ſufficient Commendation.——There is a peculiar Happineſs in oppoſing *Surly* to *Mammon*, and making his Unbelief the great Spring to bring on the Cataſtrophe. From the very opening the Buſineſs of the Play never ſleeps, and you are agreeably ſurpriz'd with Incident upon Incident to the Concluſion. Very few beſide this great Maſter could find out the Secret of conducting ſuch a Variety of Intrigues, without once ſhifting a Scene, or leaving the Stage vacant. In a Word, the firſt Scene of this Play only allowing for ſome vulgar Freedoms in it, which were the Growth of the Time, has more true Comedy in it, than many an intire Play; nothing can be more natural than ſuch a Quarrel, nothing more entertaining than the Circumſtances of Wit and Humour which embeliſh it: And no Expedient of any Author whatever ever anſwer'd half ſo well, to let the Audience into the Nature of their Entertainment, without anticipating the Plot, and palling the Pleaſure which we receive from Curioſity and Surprize.

Face, Subtle, Dol. Common.

BElieve't, I will. *Sub.* Thy worſt. I fart at thee.
Dol. Ha' you your Wits? Why Gentlemen! for Love——
Face. Sirrah, I'll ſtrip you—*Sub.* What to do? lick Figs
Out at my——*Face.* Rogue, Rogue, out of all your Sleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, Sovereign, General, are you Madmen?
Sub. O, let the wild Sheep looſe. I'll gum your Silks
With good Strong-water, an' you come.
Dol. Will you have
The Neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
Hark, I hear Some-body. *Face.* Sirrah—*Sub.* I ſhall mar
All that the Taylor has made, if you approach.
Face You moſt notorious Whelp, you inſolent Slave,
Dare you do this? *Sub.* Yes faith, yes faith. *Face.* Why, who
Am I, my Mungril? Who am I? *Sub.* I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourſelf—*Face.* Speak lower, Rogue.
Sub. Yes, you were once (Time's not long paſt) the good,
Honeſt, plain, Livery-three pound-thrum, that kept
Your Maſter's Worſhip's Houſe here in the *Friers*,
For the Vacations—*Face.* Will you be ſo loud?
Sub. Since, by my Means, tranſlated Suburb-Captain.
Face. By your Means, Doctor Dog?
Sub. Within Man's Memory,
All this I ſpeak of. *Face.* Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you firſt.
Sub. I do not hear well. *Face.* Not of this, I think it.
But I ſhall put you in mind, Sir; at *Pie Corner*,
Taking your Meal of Steam in, from Cook Stalls;
Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk
Piteouſly coſtive, with your pinch'd horn Noſe,
And your Complexion of the *Roman* Waſh,
Stuck full of black and melancholick Worms,
Like Powder corns ſhot at th' *Artillery Yard*.
Sub. I wiſh you could advance your Voice a little.
Face. When you went pinn'd up in the ſeveral Rags
Yo' had rak'd and pick'd from Dunghils, before Day;
Your Feet in mouldy Slippers, for your Kibes
A Felt of Rug, and a thin threaden Cloke,
That ſcarce would cover your no-Buttocks——
Sub. So, Sir!
Face. When all your *Alchemy*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Minerals*, *Vegetals*, and *Animals*,
Your Conjuring, Coz'ning, and your Dozen of Trades,
Could not relieve your Corpſe with ſo much Linnen
Would make you Tinder, but to ſee a Fire;
I ga' your Count'nance, Credit for your Coals,
Your Stills, your Glaſſes, your Materials;
Built you a Furnace, drew you Cuſtomers,
Advanc'd all your black Arts; lent you, beſide,
A Houſe to practiſe in—*Sub.* Your Maſter's Houſe?
Face. Where you have ſtudied the more thriving Skill
Of Bawd'ry ſince. *Sub.* Yes, in your Maſter's Houſe.
You and the Rats here kept Poſſeſſion.
Make it not ſtrange. I know yo' were one could keep
The Buttery-hatch ſtill lock'd, and ſave the Chippings,
Sell the Dole-Beer to *Aqua-vitæ* Men,
The which, together with your *Chriſtmas* Vails,
At *Poſt and Pair*, your letting out of Counters,
Made you a pretty Stock, ſome twenty Marks,
And gave you Credit to converſe with Cobwebs,
Here, ſince your Miſtriſs Death hath broke up Houſe.
Face. You might talk ſoftlier, Raſcal. *Sub.* No, you *Scarabe*,
I'll thunder you in Pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries Tempeſt in his Hand and Voice.
Face. The Place has made you valiant.
Sub. No, your Clothes.
Thou Vermin, have I ta'en thee out of Dung,
So poor, ſo wretched, when no living Thing
Would keep thee Company, but a Spider, or worſe?
Rais'd thee from Brooms, and Duſt, and Watring Pots?
Sublim'd thee, and *exalted* thee, and *fix'd* thee
I' the *Third Region*, call'd our *State of Grace*?
Wrought thee to *Spirit*, to *Quinteſſence*, with Pains
Would twice have won me the *Philoſopher's Work*?
Put thee in Words and Faſhion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary Fellowſhips?
Giv'n thee thy Oaths, thy quarrelling Dimenſions?
Thy Rules to cheat at Horſe-Race, Cock-pit, Cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant Tincture elſe?
Made thee a Second in mine own great Art?
And have I this for Thanks? Do you rebel?
Do you fly out i' the *Projection*?
Would you be gone now?
Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all? *Sub.* Slave, thou hadſt no Name——
Dol. Will you undo yourſelves with Civil War?
Sub. Never been known, paſt *Equi clibanum*,
The Heat of Horſe Dung, under Ground, in Cellars,
Or an Ale houſe darker than deaf *John*'s; been loſt
To all Mankind, but Laundreſſes and Tapſters,
Had not I been.
Dol. Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?
Face. Sirrah——
Dol. Nay, General, I thought you were civil——
Face. I ſhall turn deſperate, if you grow thus loud.
Sub. And hang thyſelf, I care not.
Face. Hang thee, Collier,
And all thy Pots and Pans, in Picture, I will,
Since thou haſt mov'd me——
Dol. (O, this I'll o'erthrow all.)
Face. Write thee up Bawd in *Pauls*, have all thy Tricks
Of coz'ning with a hollow Coal, Duſt, Scrapings,
Searching for Things loſt with a Sieve and Shears,
Erecting *Figures* in your Rows of Houſes,
And taking in of Shadows with a Glaſs,
Told in Red Letters; and a Face cut for thee,
Worſe than *Gamaliel Ratſey*'s. *Dol.* Are you found?
Ha' you your Senſes, Maſters? *Face.* I will have
A Book, but barely reckoning thy Impoſtures,
Shall prove a true *Philoſopher's Stone*, to Printers.
Sub. Away, you Trencher-Raſcal.
Face. Out, you Dog-leach,
The Vomit of all Priſons——*Dol.* Will you be
Your own Deſtructions, Gentlemen? Still ſpew'd out
For lying too heavy o' the Baſket.
Sub. Cheater. *Face.* Bawd.
Sub. Cow-herd. *Face.* Conjurer. *Sub.* Cut-purſe.
Face. Witch. *Dol.* O me!
We are ruin'd! loſt! Ha' you no more Regard
To your Reputations? Where's your Judgment? 'Slight,
Have yet ſome Care of me, o' your Republick——
Face. Away, this Brach. I'll bring the Rogue, within
The Statute of *Sorcery*, *Tricesimo tertio*
Of *Harry* the Eighth: I, and (perhaps) thy Neck
Within a Nooſe, for laundring Gold, and barbing it.
Dol. You'll bring your Head within a Cockſcomb, will you? [*She catches out* Face's *Sword, and breaks* Subtle's *Glaſs*,
And you, Sir, with your *Menſtrue*, gather it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable Pair of Stinkards,
Leave off your Barking, and grow mine own again,
Or, by the Light that ſhines, I'll cut your Throats.
I'll not be made a Prey unto the Marſhal,
For ne'er a ſnarling Dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the World? and ſhall it now be ſaid,
Yo' have made moſt courteous ſhift to cozen yourſelves?
You will accuſe him? You will bring him in
Within the *Statute*? Who ſhall take your Word?
A whorſon, upſtart, *Apocryphal* Captain,
Whom not a Puritan in *Black-Fryars* will truſt
So much as for a Feather! And you too
Will give the Cauſe, forſooth? You will inſult,
And claim a Primacy in the Diviſions?
You muſt be Chief? As if you only had
The Powder to project with, and the Work
Were not begun out of Equality?
The Venture *Tripartite*? All Things in common?
Without Priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual Curs,
Fall to your Couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you ſhould,
And loſe not the Beginning of a *Term*,
Or, by this Hand, I ſhall grow factious too,
And take my Part, and quit you. *Face.* 'Tis his Fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his Pains,
And ſays, the Weight of all lies upon him.

[*To be continued.*]

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

N. B. *Advertiſements, of a reaſonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

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SATURDAY, *June* 7.

ON Monday laſt a Waterman came to *Hungerford* Stairs, having in his Boat ſeveral Things of Value, which he had brought from a Gentleman's Houſe at *Putney*, and at his Landing a Man well dreſs'd came to him, and ask'd, if his Name was *John Wingfield?* To which he anſwer'd in the Affirmative, when he told him that a Gentleman wanted him at the *Spread-Eagle* in the *Strand*. Thither the Maſter went, leaving the Boy in the Boat to take Care of the Things, and ſoon after came a Man to the Boy, and told him, that he muſt go to his Maſter, and that he would ſtay in the Boat till he came back, which the Boy believing, went accordingly, and in the mean Time the Fellow rowed the Boat to *Chelſea*, where he pillag'd her of the Contents, and left her.

Marriage. Miſs *Howe*, one of the Maids of Honour to the Princeſs of *Orange*, was lately married in *Holland* to a wealthy Merchant of *Amſterdam*.

Death. Late on Thurſday Night died, at her Houſe at *Hackney*, of a Cancer and Conſumption, Mrs. *Reade*, Daughter of the late Sir *Edward Harriſon*, and Relict of *Samuel Reade*, Eſq; who was one of the Directors of the *South-Sea* Company in the Year 1720; they are ſurviv'd by a Daughter about 14 Years of Age, who is an Heireſs to above 70,000 *l.*

MONDAY, *June* 9.

On Saturday laſt was play'd on *Mouſſey-Hurſt* in *Surrey*, the great Cricket-Match between the *Surrey* Men, and other Countrymen, on the Prince's Side; and the *London* Gameſters: At their ſetting out it was fear'd the *London* Side would have had the worſt of it; for Mr. *Ellis*, their beſt Bowler, in throwing up the Ball before they began, put his Finger out, which was immediately ſet, tho' he could not play, ſo was an Umpire, and *Cook* of *Brentford* was taken to bowl, *&c.* in his Room: The Country Side went in firſt and got 54; then the *Londoners* went in and got 61, ſo won the firſt Hands by ſeven; then the Odds were two to one on *London:* On the ſecond going in of the Countrymen they got 44; but one of the *Wood*'s, of *Woodcot*, hurting his Finger by the tipping of the Ball was allow'd to ly-by and go in again, which he did, but was ſoon out: Then the *Londoners* went in and had but one Man catch'd out after getting above 20, and Mr. *Wheatly* the Diſtiller and Mr. *Dun* got all the reſt; ſo the Countrymen were beat when the *Londoners* had eight Men to go in.

Capt. *Taylor*, the Half-pay Officer, and a Member of the Infirmary in *James-ſtreet*, *Weſtminſter*, who died a few Days ſince, has left to the Infirmary by Will, a Legacy of 500 *l.* to be paid by his Executors in uſual Time, likewiſe an Annuity of 20 *l. per Ann.* commencing the Day after his Death, and payable from the King's Exchequer for 70 Years to come; and alſo another Annuity of 10 *l. per Ann.* upon the Death of a poor Woman upwards of threeſcore Years and ten.

Letters from *Holland* mention, that the late Mr. *Cantillon*'s Cook, who is ſuppos'd to have robb'd and murder'd that unfortunate Gentleman, was diſcovered by tendering a Baſon to pawn which belong'd to his Maſter, and which had been advertis'd in all the *Dutch* and *Flanders* Gazettes, and perceiving himſelf ſuſpected, and that Means were uſing to obtain a proper Information of the Affair, having no Way to eſcape, he firſt took Poiſon, that not having Effect, he ſhot himſelf with a Piſtol.

Monſieur *Du Gue Trouin*, the *French* Admiral, is arriv'd at *Cadiz* with twelve Men of War, and has join'd the *Spaniſh* Squadron in that Harbour; but 'tis notwithſtanding agreed on all Hands, that both when united are not a Match for ours, the *French* having few Ships equipp'd, and the *Spaniards* wanting Seamen.

On Friday Night laſt, between Ten and Eleven o'Clock, the Right Hon. the Counteſs of *Strafford* returning from her Majeſty's Drawing-Room at *Kenſington* in her Coach and ſix Horſes, accompany'd by Miſs *Harcourt*, Lord *Harcourt*'s Siſter, and Mrs. *Slyford*; a Man on Horſeback rapp'd with his Whip Handle at one of the Coach-Glaſſes, under Miſs *Edwards*'s Garden Wall, while another with a Piſtol ſtopt the Poſtilion and Coachman, upon which, Mrs. *Slyford* cry'd out *Highwaymen*, and at that Inſtant catch'd Lady *Strafford*'s fine Repeating Gold Watch from her Side, and put it behind her on the Coach Seat: The Robber, with many execrable Oaths, demanded the Counteſs's Purſe and Watch: Her Ladyſhip had one Purſe with 40 Guineas in it, and another with ſeven Guineas and 20 s. in Silver in it; which laſt ſhe deliver'd to the Highwaymen, who far from being ſatisfy'd, clapp'd the Mouth of his Piſtol to Mrs. *Slyford*'s Right Ear, and held it for ſome Time, threatning to ſhoot her thro' the Head if ſhe did not give him the Watch he ſaw her throw behind her; but ſhe denying there was any Watch at all, the Robbers both rode off. There were four Footmen behind the Coach, with lighted Flambeaux all the Time, who ſtood looking like thoſe on Mr. *Thynne*'s Monument in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*. Lady *Strafford* immediately drove back to the Palace, and came to St. *James*'s-*Square*, accompany'd by ſeveral other Coaches, tho' her Majeſty offer'd her a Party of the Guards to attend her home, and order'd the Guard to be doubled that Night in *Hyde-Park*.

A Drummer belonging to the Foot-Guards has ſince been put under an Arreſt, becauſe he ſtood upon the Cauſeway during the Robbery, and never ſtirr'd to call the Guard.

On Saturday laſt one *Nicholas Palamounter* was committed to *Newgate* by Juſtice *Deveil*, on the Oath of *John Andrews*, for breaking open his Houſe in the Pariſh of *Illugan* in the County of *Cornwall*, in the Night-time, and ſhooting his Mother, *Marjory Andrews*, and afterwards carrying off (with three other Perſons) four Silver Spoons, and about 3 *l.* in Money: This Murder and Robbery were committed about 14 Years ago; and Mr. *Andrews* hearing he was in the *Savoy* Priſon for Deſertion, being a Soldier, he went to ſee him, and found him to be the ſame Perſon: He is to be carried by Habeas Corpus to *Cornwall*, to be try'd there.

Preferments. On Friday laſt the Rev. Mr. *George Watts*, Fellow of *Clare-Hall*, *Cambridge*, was unanimouſly elected Preacher to the Hon. Society of *Lincoln's-Inn*, in the room of the Rev. Mr. *Crank*, who hath reſign'd.——Her Majeſty has been pleaſed to direct Letters Patents to paſs the Great Seal, containing a Preſentation of *John Wolrige*, Clerk, to the Vicarage of *Maker*, in the County of *Cornwall* and Dioceſe of *Exeter*, void by the Death of *Thomas Smart*, Clerk.

Deaths. On Saturday died, at his Lodgings at *Chelſea*, Capt. *Joſeph Goring*, in the 88th Year of his Age: He died worth 10,000 *l.*—— A few Days ſince died at *Corunna*, Capt. *Legg*, Commander of the *Eagle* Packet-Boat.

Bankrupts. John Lewis, of *Blackheath*, *Kent*, Merchant.——*John Bourne*, of St. *Katherine Coleman*, Merchant.——*Richard Holt*, of St. *Clement Danes*, Taylor and Chapman.—— *Thomas Stone*, of *Camberwell* in *Surrey*, Saleſman and Chapman.——*Daniel Tabart*, of St. *Ann*, *Weſtminſter*, Jeweller.——*John Law*, of St. *John*, *Southwark*, Backmaker and Chapman.

TUESDAY, *June* 10.

Yeſterday her Grace the Dutcheſs Dowager of *Bedford*, Wife to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Jerſey*, was ſafely delivered of a Son, at his Lordſhip's Houſe in *Groſvenor-ſtreet*.

Thomas Bowen, Eſq; Deputy-Ranger of St. *James*'s-*Park* in the Abſence of the Earl of *Eſſex*, who is now on his Embaſſy at the Court of *Turin*, has receiv'd her Majeſty's Orders for erecting a Lodge and new Gates in the Stable-Yard, and alſo for railing the ſaid Park in a more commodious Manner than has hitherto been.

On Tueſday laſt at *Cobham* in *Surrey*, a Purſe of 20 *l.* was run for; but a Horſe of Capt. *Liſter* beat all the reſt with Eaſe, and could have diſtanc'd them the firſt Heat.

On Wedneſday the Purſe for Galloways of 13 Hands or under, was won by Mr. *Acton* of *Kingſton*.

On Thurſday the Purſe of 10 *l.* run for by full-fiz'd Galloways, was won by the *Cobham* Mare.

Yeſterday began the Races at *Kingſton* in *Surrey*; there ſtarted for the 20 *l.* Plate, Mr. *Sacke*'s Grey Gelding *Packhorſe*, Mr. *Alway*'s Dun Gelding *Farinello*, and Mr. *Selby*'s Black Horſe *Plain-dealer*. There was ſeven to four laid at ſtarting on the Grey Gelding, yet the Dun Gelding got the firſt Heat; then the Bets were four to one, that the Dun Gelding won the Plate; but the ſecond Heat the Grey Gelding diſtanc'd the Dun, and ſo the Sport ended, and a great deal of Money loſt. The Black Gelding was thrown down by a Dog, and diſtanc'd.

They write from the *Rhine*, that the Marquis *de Chabannes*, who had been bit by one of his Horſes, died the other Day, after having been three Times trepann'd.

The late ſurprizing Fall of the Stocks has ſpread an univerſal Alarm in this City, as if there was no Hopes left of ſecuring the Balance of Power, and the Liberties of *Europe*, without *Great Britain*'s taking Part in the preſent War. The *South-Sea* Trading Stock, which for ſome Months never vary'd above a half or three Quarters *per Cent.* fell laſt Week near 4 *per Cent.* and all the others in Proportion. 'Tis ſaid that a certain noted Banker towards *Charing-Croſs*, has lately ſold out of the ſeveral Funds to the Sum of 100,000 *l.*

On Thurſday laſt his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*, taking the Diverſion of the Water up the River of *Thames*, meeting a Weſt Country Barge, was pleaſed to go into it, where having ſome Diſcourſe with the Rowers, they preſented his Royal Highneſs with ſome of their homely, but cleanly Fare of boil'd Beef, of which his Highneſs vouchſafed to eat, and gave them five Guineas to drink.

Yeſterday the Judges met in the Court of *Exchequer* at *Weſtminſter*, and choſe their Circuits as follows.

Weſtern Circuit.
L.d. Ch. Juſt. Hardwicke, Mr. Juſt. Forteſcue.

Home Circuit.
Ld, Ch. Juſt. Eyre, Mr. Baron Thompſon.

Norfolk Circuit.
Ld. Ch. Baron Reynolds, Mr. Baron Carter.

Northern Circuit.
Mr. Juſtice Denton, Mr. Juſtice Lee.

Midland Circuit.
Mr. Baron Comyns, Mr. Juſtice Reeve.

Oxford Circuit.
Mr. Juſtice Page, Mr. Juſtice Probyn.

Death. On Sunday died Mr. *Brown*, a very noted Chymiſt in *Old Fiſh-ſtreet:* He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, Author of ſome curious chymical Papers, publiſh'd in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*.

WEDNESDAY, *June* 11.

Laſt Monday Night, between Eleven and Twelve o'Clock, a Fire broke out in *Cecil-Court*, St. *Martin's-Lane*, which communicated itſelf into St. *Martin's-Court* contiguous thereto, and continued with incredible Fury for the Space of two Hours before Water could be got to ſupply the Engines. His Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*, the Lord *James Cavendiſh*, Sir *Thomas Hoby* and Mr. *Cornwallis*, came thither with a Detachment of the third Regiment of the Foot-Guards: His Royal Highneſs went on the Top of a Houſe in St. *Martin's-Court* to take a View, and then went down to direct the Engines and animate the Firemen and others. About Three the Fire was got under, when about 16 Houſes were deſtroy'd, *viz.* 12 in St. *Martin's-Court*, and four in *Cecil-Court*, beſides a great many others vaſtly damaged.

'Tis ſaid that the Fire began at a Geneva-Shop, which was a reputed Bawdy-Houſe, and that the Woman who kept it ſet her Houſe on Fire on Purpoſe to be reveng'd of her Landlord, he having given her Warning upon Complaint of the Neighbours of the Diſorders committed by her. When her Landlord gave her Warning, ſhe ſaid ſhe would be even with him, and that ſhe would have a Bonfire of her own on the 10th of *June* that ſhould warm all her raſcally Neighbours; and it ſeems ſhe was as good as her Word, but ſhe firſt took Care to remove all her own Goods.

His Excellency the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador receiv'd a Courier on Sunday Morning, with the King of *Spain*'s Anſwer to Mr. *Keen*, at the Audience that Gentleman had to acquaint his *Catholick* Majeſty of the Reſolution the King of *Great Britain* had taken to ſend a Fleet to *Lisbon*. 'Tis aſſur'd this Anſwer is conceiv'd in the moſt polite and civil Terms poſſible; as to the Contents, 'his *Catholick* Majeſty thanks 'the King for the Notification he has given 'him of the *Britiſh* Fleet's ſailing to *Lisbon*; 'but ſays, He ſhould be much more oblig'd 'to him if he would pleaſe to recall it.' His *Catholick* Majeſty alſo gave ſome Hints in relation to Sir *George Byng*'s Expedition in 1718, and of Admiral *Hoſier*'s blocking up the Galleons in 1726.

A young Woman very neatly dreſs'd was found drowned on Saturday Morning laſt within half a Mile of *Woolwich*, her Name *Mary Corniſh*. It is ſuppos'd ſhe was going to *Graveſend* to meet her Husband, who is expected from *Lisbon*; four Guineas, ſome Silver and two Letters were taken out of her Pocket; and at a ſmall Diſtance from her the Waterman that was carrying her was found drowned.

Yeſterday at a Court of Lord Mayor and Aldermen, his Lordſhip was pleaſed to nominate Mr. *John Lequeſne*, Citizen and Grocer, Deputy of *Broad-ſtreet* Ward, as a fit Perſon to be one of the Sheriffs of this City and County of *Middleſex* for the Year enſuing.

The Governor and Directors of the Hoſpital at *Hyde-Park-Corner*, have contracted with Mr. *Barnard*, a noted Surveyor in the Town of *Kenſington*, for an additional Building of two Wings, together with an Elevation and other Improvements to the ſaid Hoſpital, in purſuance of a Plan drawn by Mr. *Iſaac Ware*, of the Board of Works, in order to a Reception of a larger Number of Patients.

On Sunday Morning laſt as *James Monday*, Eſq; was going in his Coach and Six from *London* to *Belchington* in *Oxfordſhire* with two Gentlemen, they were ſtopt about a Mile on this Side *Acton* by two Highwaymen well mounted, who robb'd them of their Money, *&c.* one *Emmerſon* a Gardener, and two other Men, being in an adjacent Field, and ſeeing them ſtop the Coach, made to the Road-Side, and getting over the Hedge to the Aſſiſtance of the Gentlemen, both the Highwaymen fir'd their Piſtols at them, but miſs'd them, whereupon *Emmerſon* and the others, retiring to a Heap of Stones, pelted them for ſome Time, till the Highwaymen in Return diſcharg'd each a ſecond Piſtol, one of the Balls of which went thro' one of the Mens Hats, and the other miſs'd; the Fellows then rode off, but were purſu'd two Miles beyond *Acton*.

Death. Laſt Week died *William Turnor*, Eſq; in the Commiſſion of the Peace for the County of *Norfolk*, and Brother to Sir *Charles Turnor*, Bart. one of the Tellers of the *Exchequer*.

Bankrupts. William Adams, late of *Barton* in *Suffolk*, Maltſter.——*John Buffar*, of *Cheapſide*, *London*, Haberdaſher.

THURSDAY, *June* 12.

Yeſterday being the Anniverſary of their Majeſties Acceſſion to the Throne, her Majeſty receiv'd the Compliments of the Nobility, Foreign Miniſters, and Gentry, on that Occaſion at *Kenſington*; at Noon the great Guns at the *Tower* and *Park* were fired, and the Evening concluded with Ringing of Bells and other Demonſtrations of Joy.

We hear that Lieutenant *George Cox*, belonging to the *Montagu* Man of War, an old experienc'd Officer, had lately the Misfortune to be drowned at *Spithead*.

On Monday Morning laſt, a young Woman about 20 Years of Age, was found hanged in her Chamber at her Father's Houſe in the *Strand*: Her Misfortune was occaſion'd by a Gentleman of Fortune who courted her ten Months with the Promiſe of Marriage; but inſtead of performing, was married to her younger Siſter, about 17 Years old: Their Fortunes were equal, of 8000 *l.* each.

On Monday Night laſt an inhuman Murder was committed by a Basket-Maker at *Fulham*, on the Body of his Wife, by ſtabbing her in the Belly with a Caſe-Knife, of which ſhe inſtantly died: 'Tis ſaid, the Occaſion of it was, by a Law-Suit long depending in the Court of *Exchequer*, between the Deceaſed's Uncle and her ſaid Husband: He was afterwards apprehended, and carried before a Magiſtrate, and by him committed to *Newgate*.

Yeſterday the Coroner's Inqueſt ſat on the Body of the Man who was found dead on Monday laſt, in a Brick-Field near the End of *James-ſtreet*, *Groſvenor-Square*, and brought in their Verdict *Wilful Murder*; it appearing that he was a Brick-Maker, and was the Night before in Liquor, and meeting ſome of his Fellow Workmen, they carried him to a Gin-Shop, and after he had drank as much as he could, they pour'd it into his Mouth by Force, and then dragg'd him into the Fields, cover'd him with Straw, pull'd his Cap over his Face, cramm'd his Mouth with Clay, and left him, where he was found dead the next Morning. There were ſix Perſons concern'd in this unhappy Affair, and Warrants are out for apprehending them.

The *John* and *Alexander*, Capt. *Brown*, and the ——, Capt. *Anſtruther*, were lately taken by two *Spaniſh* Men of War, under Pretence of having *Moors* on board, and carried into *Barcelona*.

They write from *Paris*, that five young Sparks being late in a Tavern with ſome Ladies of Pleaſure, and beginning to quarrel about their Game, they went honeſtly out of the Houſe into the Street, where they immediately drew on one another; two were kill'd on the Spot, a third died of his Wounds a few Hours after, a fourth lies given over by the Surgeons, but the fifth has made his Eſcape.

Death. On Saturday died the Rev. *Francis Stainer*, M. A. Vicar of St. *Giles*'s in *Northampton*, Rector of *Iſham* in that County, and Principal Surrogate of the Chancellor of *Peterborough*.

FRIDAY, *June* 13.

Yeſterday Mrs. *Galloway*, an *Iriſh* Woman and a *Papiſt*, at whoſe Houſe the Fire began on Monday Night in *Cecil-Court*, and who is ſuſpected of having ſet it wilfully on Fire, was examin'd before Juſtice *Deveil*, and the ſame laſted from Half an Hour after One to Five in the Evening. She abſolutely denies the Fact; but the Evidence being very particular as to the Threats ſhe had made ſeveral of her Neighbours to *rout them out*, her Declaration of lighting up a Bonfire on the 10th of *June*, her Method of inveigling moſt of her Lodgers Abroad, and the Words ſhe dropt before the poor Woman in the Cellar, whom ſhe could not prevail with to go out, ſeem to faſten a ſtrong Suſpicion of Guilt upon her. 'Tis ſaid that a Gentleman has ſworn poſitively that he ſaw her open her Door, and looking about to ſee if the Coaſt was clear, pull it violently after her; and that being got to Supper at a Neighbour's Houſe when the melancholy News was brought her, ſhe appear'd very unconcern'd. She is in *Newgate*, in order to take her Trial at the next Seſſions at the *Old Bailey*.

Mrs. *Hogarth*, Mother to the celebrated Mr. *Hogarth*, died at her Houſe in *Cranbourn-Alley* on Tueſday Morning laſt, of a Fright, occaſion'd by the Fire in St. *Martin's-Court*. She was in perfect Health when the unhappy Accident broke out, and died before it could be extinguiſh'd.

On Wedneſday Night laſt, between Nine and Ten o'Clock, as *Thomas Clark* of *Spring-Garden*, Eſq; the Rev. Dr. *Lancaſter*, Mrs. *Lancaſter*, (his Siſter) and another Gentlewoman, were coming in a Coach from *Little Chelſea*, they were attack'd in the King's Road near *Bloody-Bridge* by a ſingle Highwayman with Crape over his Face, well dreſs'd, and mounted on a Sorrel Horſe, who demanded their Watches and Money, upon which the Doctor deliver'd both, amounting to the Value of 20 *l.* but Mr. *Clark* having only 5 *s.* in Money, the Rogue demanded his Watch, which he abſolutely refus'd him, and would have ſeiz'd his Piſtol had not the Ladies prevented it, for the Fellow trembled all the Time; however he made off towards *Fulham* without any further Diſpute, and was follow'd as far as *Parſon's-Green* by two Men on Foot, who ſaw the Robbery committed, but durſt not interpoſe, being unarm'd.

Laſt Night one *Gray* was committed to *Newgate* by Juſtice *Farmer*, on the Oath of *William Hamerton*, for aſſaulting him on the Highway, near *Barnes-Common* in the County of *Surrey*, and robbing him of a Silver Watch and about 13 Shillings: He was taken the ſame Night about Seven o'Clock, in a Tavern at *Whitechapel*.

Yeſterday came an Account from *Ipſwich* of a ſharp Battle near that Town, between the Smugglers and the Dragoons, in which one of the former was ſhot dead, which enraged them ſo much, that the Dragoons being overpowered, the Smugglers murdered two of them in cold Blood.

Yeſterday both Houſes of Parliament met at *Weſtminſter*, purſuant to the Prorogation, when the Lord Chancellor further prorogu'd them to the 31ſt of *July* next.

Marriage. Laſt Monday *George Grantham* of *Wellingborough* in the County of *Northampton*, Eſq; was married to the Widow of —— *Marſhal*, Eſq; a Gentlewoman of 900 *l. per Annum*, and the Gentleman is her 5th Huſband, and the Gentlewoman is his 5th Wife.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The following is a true Copy of a Letter from Count Konigſegg, *to his Highneſs Prince* Eugene.

WAS it not for the Duke *de Montemar*'s Directions, which to my Sorrow are follow'd, I do not doubt but that I ſhould be able to act offenſively againſt the *French* and *Piedmonteſe* Troops, as I have already aſſur'd his *Imperial* Majeſty and your Highneſs: I ſay, I was reſolv'd to ſtay in the Field, and watch an Opportunity to attack them, as being acquainted with their Diſpoſitions and Plans of the Campaign; but now mine and the brave Officers Eſtorts will be to no Purpoſe, all our Contrivings and Inventions are loſt, and according to the Enemy's Diſpoſitions, I ſhall be obliged to quit the Field: I ſaw Yeſterday the Plan and Deſigns of the Duke *de Montemar*; I do really give *Mantua* over for loſt. Your Highneſs tells me that the preſent Diſpoſitions and Miſunderſtanding between the General Officers is come to ſo great a Height, that a Miracle can only ſave *Germany* from the imminent Danger it is now under: And I aſſure your Highneſs, that a Miracle can only ſerve my Turn. Two *Spaniſh* Officers went *incognito* by Order of the Duke *de Montemar* to *Tyrol*: I ſent 200 Dragoons after them; but as they carry the Devil with them (I mean Money) they could no where be found, and I am afraid that they will do no Good to us, being acquainted that their Deſign is to corrupt the Party Towns, *&c.*

We have Advice from *Swiſſerland*, that a certain Power having deſir'd Leave to raiſe a Regiment in their Country, it was deny'd; and the laudable *Helvetick* Body were come to a Reſolution not to ſuffer any of their People to enliſt themſelves for the future into any Foreign Service whatſoever, but to ſtay at home, as not knowing what Occaſion they may have to defend their own Country in the preſent Juncture of Affairs.

Letters by the Way of *Venice* mention, that *Thamas Kouli Kan* had been ſtopt in his Career of Conqueſt, and had been forced to raiſe the Siege of a Town in *Georgia*, for want of Artillery and Ammunition.

They write from *Rome*, that People had been employ'd for a long Time paſt to get ready the Equipages of the eldeſt Son of the Chevalier *de St. George*, in order for his making a Campaign in *Lombardy*, but that the *French* and *Spaniſh* Miniſters had adviſed him to defer his Expedition, *at leaſt for this Year.*

Theſe Letters add, that the Emperor was reſolv'd to nominate an Ambaſſador to the Pope, to preſent the Gennet as uſual, for the annual Tribute of the Kingdoms of *Naples* and *Sicily*.

We learn from *Petersburg*, that the Miniſters of certain Powers having acquainted the Czarina with the Reſolutions of *France*, not to conſent to an Armiſtice with the Emperor, unleſs the *Ruſſians* were to evacuate *Poland*, her Majeſty anſwer'd, That ſhe ſhould gladly contribute to the Peace of *Europe*, but that ſhe could not recall her Troops at all Events, till *Auguſtus* was firm in his Throne. The Primate having refus'd to make his Submiſſion to King *Auguſtus*, is remov'd to *Pultusk*, a deſolate Place, ſituate in the Middle of the Deſerts of *Ukrania*.

We have Advice by the Way of *France*, that upon the Retreat of the *Imperialiſts* from their Camp at St. *Benedetto*, the King of *Sardinia* held a Council of War, and agreed to purſue them to their Entrenchments at *Revero*, there to attack them by opening Trenches before them; but that Count *Konigsegg*, upon the Approach of the Allies, retir'd precipitately, and on the 8th Inſtant, N.S. abandon'd that important Poſt, not having Time to deſtroy the Works, which he had contriv'd and fortify'd in an extraordinary Manner. His Excellency had perſuaded himſelf, that being entrench'd with ſuch ſtrong Lines, the Allies would never have attack'd him; but finding by his Spies, and the Approach of the Enemy, that they really deſign'd it, he thought proper to retire nearer *Mantua*, having but 12,000 Men with him, the reſt being in other Poſts.

From the French *Camp upon the* Rhine, June 9.

On the 7th Marſhal *Coigny* cauſed a general Forage to be made within half a League of *Mentz*. The Sieur *de Quadt* was upon this Party, with four Field-Marſhals, 4000 Foot, and 3600 Horſe. Theſe Troops form'd a Chain, which was ſupported on the Right by *Zarnheim*, and on the Left by *Mentz*. During the collecting the Forage, which we found in great Abundance, the Enemy ſallied out of *Mentz*, with a Detachment of 200 Horſe, to ſupport 50 Huſſars poſted between the Village of *Denheim*; but being charg'd by a Party of our Huſſars, they were put to Flight, after loſing an Officer and ſeveral private Men. We perceive that the Enemy draw by Degrees nearer *Mentz*, but the main Body of their Army remain ſtill at *Bruchſall*.

Letters from *Naples* mention an Act of Generoſity in their new King, which cannot fail of ſecuring their Affections: He has ſent Orders to the Royal Treaſury, it ſeems, to pay the neceſſary Sums to indemnify the People of that Kingdom for the Damage done them by the Emperor's Troops for theſe two Years laſt paſt, and by the different Marches of thoſe of *Spain*. The two Regiments order'd from *Naples* to *Spain* are ſet out, and 1000 Horſe ſent over from *Sicily* were marching to *Lombardy*.

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With a very neat Effigy of the Marchioneſs prefixed.

The faireſt Forms that Nature ſhews,
Suſtain the ſharpeſt Doom;
Her Life was like the Morning Roſe,
That withers in its Bloom.

'If any LOVE-LETTERS may be ranked with the celebrated ones of *Abelard* and *Eloiſa*; thoſe of a religious *Portugueze* Lady, and thoſe of the Chevalier de R——, they are theſe of the Marchioneſs M——, to the Count de R——. They have the *Fire*, the *Turn*, the *Spirit*, and *eaſy Air* of thoſe we have mentioned: They furniſh us beſides with this uſeful Leſſon, *That unlawful Love muſt expect to meet with unhappy Conſequences.*'

Journ Liter. 1734.

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V. Poetry: On the Death of a beautiful young Lady; on the Author of Univerſal Beauty; to a Lady weeping; to a pretty Chamber Maid; by a Lady on the Death of her Huſband; to the Right Hon. Geo. Dodington, Eſq; Epilogue to the Andria; Hare-Hunting; Love and Friendſhip; on Quickſilver, &c. to the Aſſes; Verſes in Imitation of Solomon's Song; a Curtain Lecture; Epigrams, &c.

VI. Domeſtick Occurrences: Promotions Eccleſiaſtical, Civil and Military; Marriages and Births; Deaths; Bankrupts: Acts paſs'd; King's Speech; Seſſions at the Old Bailey, &c.

VII. Prices of Goods, Grain, Stocks; Monthly Bill of Mortality.

VIII. Foreign Affairs.

IX. A Table of Contents.

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Hops			STOCKS		CHRISTNED			
Old 3*l* to 4*l*			*S.S.* 79		M. 1757	In all 338		
New 4*l* to 5*l* 10			*Annu.* 104 ¾		F. 1635			
Coals 23		24	*Bank* 135 ¾		DIED			
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Oates	10	14	*R Aſſ.* 98		30	40		46
Tares	20	21	*L. ditt* 12		40	50		44
H. Bean	20	21	*ECap.* 2 *l.* 2		50	60		31
H. Pea.	15	16	*W ditt*		60	70		27
Boil. dit.	20	22	*N. Bank Cir* 7*l* 10		70	80		5
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